

# THE SUMTER BANNER.

VOLUME II.

SUMTERVILLE, SOUTH-CAROLINA, APRIL 5, 1848.

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**THE SUMTER BANNER:**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY  
WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

## TERMS:

Two Dollars in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty-cents at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.  
Advertisements inserted at 75 cts. per square, (14 lines or less), for the first and half that sum for each subsequent insertion.  
The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.  
One Dollar per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as new ones.  
All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices or trust—or puffing Exhibitions, will be charged as Advertisements.  
All letters by mail must be paid to insure punctual attendance.

## Extract of an Ordinance

Enacted by the Town Council of Sumterville:  
For the information of all whom it may concern, the following extract is published, to-wit: "Sec. 8. That no slave whose owner resides without the limits of the town of Sumterville, shall be permitted to work therein, unless a written permit be first procured from the Marshal; for which, the sum of fifty cents, for common laborers, and the sum of one dollar and fifty cents for mechanics, shall be paid; and that no permit shall be for a longer time than three months; and if any slave shall neglect to procure a permit, such slave shall be imprisoned by the Marshal until released by Council; and in no case not at liberty, until the expenses of his or her arrest and imprisonment have been first paid."  
Published by order of Council.  
J. B. N. HAMMET,  
Clerk of Council.  
March 13th, 1848.

## Agricultural.

### TREATMENT OF HORSES.

Our sympathies have frequently been excited by the bad treatment of horses, which we have witnessed. They are hard driven, seldom blanketed, poorly fed and groomed, and miserably stabled. Horses must be short-lived at the South. Nor can we see how they will escape colds, consumptions, bowel complaints, and diseases in every form. In riding from Warrenton to Sparta, in the mail stage, we have seen the team driven 16 miles in a cold night, stand several hours while moist with sweat, without blankets or shelter, before stable room could be found at an exchange post. It was earlier than the driver cared to start, and there was not room for another horse in the little log hut, till the team therein was taken out. A handful of burning corn cobs on the ground in the stable, served as a warm nucleus, around which the coachman coiled himself and slept, whilst a couple of negroes entertained a solitary passenger, by answering as best they could, a thousand questions about the fare of man and beast, in a land where every thing is as novel as it will be, a higher standard of comfort is greatly needed, especially for dumb brutes. Leaving the question of humanity out of view, it is the worst possible economy to treat horses badly. When a horse is driven so as to perspire freely, he should be blanketed when stopped. He should not merely be regularly fed, watered, groomed, bedded and salted, but his food should be varied, so as to suit his appetite, meet the peculiar wants of healthy respiration, and the demands of nature to repair the constant waste of his muscles, bones, nerves and brain.

A horse is a noble, active and valuable animal, whose constitution, habits and anatomy, should be carefully studied. There are important elements in his brain, flesh, tendons and bones, which ought to be daily supplied in his food. The breeding of horses, and the rearing, breaking and management of colts, are branches of rural science and practice, quite too much neglected in every portion of the Union. Common farmers are strangely opposed to studying the laws of animal vitality, and the means which God has appointed to develop fine bone, sinew and muscle, good wind and bottom in the Horse. It costs no more to raise a superior animal, than will do good service 12 or 15 years, than a poor, slow, feeble one, whose powers of endurance are next to a cypher.

Peas and oats are much better food for roadsters than corn. Horses cannot travel so long, nor so fast when kept on the latter food, nor will they be so healthy or long-lived, as they are when fed on oats, peas, clover or vetches.

Southern Cultivator.

DEEP PLOWING—AN EXPERIMENT.—In 1843, one quarter of an acre, on a dry gravelly soil, was plowed four times in one day with six horses, fifteen inches deep, and sown in wheat. On similar land adjoining, an equal quantity plowed as well only five inches deep, was sown with the same grain, and at the same time. The result was that the former gave five bushels and three pecks more per acre than the latter, and 450 lbs. more straw.

Facts are useful things—we wish our friends would furnish more of them.

Southern Cultivator.

### LOWGROUND FENCES.

Mr. Editor—I take this opportunity to mention a plan of fencing for lowground, which I think will be found cheaper than any other, and fully as good. Make a common, panel fence of rails, then split stakes out of white oak or some lasting wood, seven or eight feet long, the size of common rails. Drive one on each side of the fence, at each corner, while the ground is wet, about two or two and a half feet, bore and pin through them, over the top of the fence, and you will have a fence that will stand the freshest of the Tombigbee river, and I think those of any other.

Coffville, Ala., January, 1848.

### Miscellaneous.

#### JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

A late traveller in Palestine, gives the following deeply interesting and truly graphic description of a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, and the river Jordan: "On the morning after Palm Sunday, the pilgrims set out for Jericho and Jordan. They were accompanied by an escort of 400 soldiers, to protect them from the Arabs. Shortly after sunrise, the road leading from the gate of St. Stephen, opposite the Mount of Olives, and winding down into the steep and narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, past the Virgin's tomb and the garden of Gethsemane, was crowded with women and children in their most festive attire, seated on either side the way to witness the passing of the pilgrims as they poured out of the city and down the hill to the number of about five thousand. Leaving the tomb of Absalom and the village of Siloam to the right, they passed up between the Mount of Olives and the Hill of Offences towards Bethany. Near the old altar and groves of Moloch, and over against the Temple of Solomon, the Boy, who commanded the troops, sat a little apart from the road, among his attendants, and fine horses, that were scattered in groups about the rocky ground, with here and there a tall twisted spear, or a standard stuck up beside them, while the morning sun blazed on their Oriental dresses and glittering arms, they formed a brilliant foreground as you turned back to look upon the city which lifted its shining towers and domes over Mount Zion, across the deep ravine. Presently the shoulder of the hill shuts out the splendid vision, and you go winding on among valleys ever growing wilder, more dismal and sterile, until the last traces of cultivation and habitation disappear, and you are placed in presence of the awful desert with gigantic sand hills climbing on every side, that dazzle the sense and dismay the soul. At last, after six hours toilsome march, you desecrate the brink of these desolate heights an immense plain stretching right and left, and walled on the east by a lofty range of mountains. This is the valley of the Jordan, whose stream hid by the sandy banks, only becomes visible as it enters in a gleaming vein, the Dead Sea—a vast blue expanse stretching away under a fading perspective of aerial promontories, to the south, till it mingles with the hot white mist of the sky. Lines of pale green tents upon the border of the tangled prickly thickets, that spot the desert plain, mark the spot chosen for the bivouac. A tower rising near out of this forest distinguishes the site of Jericho. Then comes the bustle of the camp, with its indescribable variety of groups and equipages. The poor black native Arabs of the place mingle with the pilgrims, to sell their cheese, oil, and dates. Conspicuous with golden bull rises on one hand the tent of the Greek Patriarch, on the other that of the Bey. The others lie packed off according to their several nations, thick as sheep in folds. While these are preparing to fall to at their suppers, and are fetching their water from the fountain of Elijah, a ring of sentinels form around the camp. All night you hear the word passing round among these guards. At two o'clock after midnight the whole camp is again in motion. By the light of a beautiful moon they set off for the Jordan, three hours distant. After two hours the moon went down over the desert of Engaddi and the mountains towards Jerusalem, leaving us to flounder about among shrubs and sandbanks in the dark. Here and there flaming torches were carried, whose red light streamed along the waves of the dark crowd. Day was beginning to break when we reached the Jordan, a swift, impetuous, discolored stream, shooting between tall banks, overgrown with copses of popular and tamarisk. The pilgrims found their way down to the sacred waters by different avenues to woody coverts, where they all began undressing, men women and children, all together. The first I saw in the stream were two Assyrians ducking and crossing themselves with all their might, with the monkey-like action of the blacks. One poor creature, plunging into the centre of the torrent, was drowned. They say that every year the Jordan swallows one victim. And the Christians, with a fatalism of the Turks, deem this sacrifice inevitable. Accordingly no one stirred a limb to save this poor fellow, whom the rushing waters swept away down towards the Dead Sea. One wretch was seized in the act of stealing a cotton gown, worth twopence, of an American lady gone to take a dip. His turban and cloak were instantly torn off, and he was led away up to the officer in command, who ordered

him to be bastinadoed. A score of blows with a courbash were applied to his back publicly, in sight of all.

Every pilgrim carried away with him some token from the hallowed banks. One filled his handkerchief with sand; another his pocket with pebbles; another cut a stick from a poplar; a fourth contented himself with inserting a sprig in the folds of his turban. After they had paid observance due to the holy river, they set out for their camp at Jericho, where they remained till midnight, and then by a beautiful moonlight set out for Jerusalem.

### HARD WORKERS.

When we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of work they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Caesar, Henry the Fourth of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities—were all renowned as hard workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short how hard they worked.

So WAS FRANKLIN.—"O' you're a 'prentice!" said a little boy, the other day, tauntingly to his companion. The addressed, turned proudly round, and while the fire of injured pride, and the look of pity, were strongly blended in his countenance, coolly answered, "So was Franklin!"

### JONATHAN'S VISIT TO A PRINTING OFFICE.

Did you ever go up to printer's  
And see all them devils at work!  
I cosnotch it beats all to finders  
Mother's fuss when we kill our pork.

Then fellers they stand right up straight,  
And pick little pieces of lead;  
Stuck in little chubby holes thicker, I'll bate,  
Than seeds in a big paremp bed.

Then they keep such ducking and bobbing,  
I'll be darn'd if like Aunt Peggy's old drake  
When he's gobbling up corn, or a robin  
That stands with one leg on a stake.

How the plague can they find all the letters,  
Is more than my gumption can tell;  
They call them are workmen type setters,  
And an old shoe, they said that was hell.

Then they've got too a cast iron press,  
It beats father's for cider and cheese;  
'Tis a tarnation hard work I should guess,  
And it gives a contounded tight squeeze.

There's a confounded great roller, I sware,  
They keep pushing, the Lord knows for what,  
And the paper, 'twould cover our mow,  
Such a wapping great sheet have they got.

How they fill it all up is the wonder,  
Where the darn do they find so much news  
As thick as pea blossoms in summer;  
What a nation of ink they do use!

By gall! I don't see how they pay,  
For so many heaps of white paper  
They tell'd me they used every day,  
Good Lord—it would ruin Squire Tabor.

I'd no notion, I vum, 'twas such a tarnal  
Hard work to print papers and books;  
I'll go right down and scribe for the Jarnel,  
And go home and tell all the folks.

\*The old shoe kept as a receptacle for broken types.

### AN IRISH LETTER.

Town of Tullenclesrag, Parish of Ballyragget, near Ballytullyguthy, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland.

My dear Nephew—I haven't sent you a letter since the last time I wrote to you, because we have moved from our former place of living, and I don't know where a letter would find you, but I now wish pleasure take up my pen to inform you of the death of your own living uncle Patrick Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week after a lingering sickness of six months. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness layin' perfectly quiet and speechless all the time talkin' incoherently and cryin' for water. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner except I wrote to you before he died, and then you would have the postage to pay, so I write now.

I am at loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was his last sickness, for he was never well tin days together durin' his confinement, but I believe his death was occasioned by his ain too much of rabbits stuffed with paws and gravy, or paws and gravy stuffed with rabbits, I can't tell which but be that as it may, as soon as he breathed his last the docther give over all hopes of his recovery. I needn't tell you his age, for ye've well knew that in march next he would have been 25 years old lackin' a six month and had he lived till that time, he would thin have been just a six month dead.

His property devolves to his next kin who is dead some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided betwene us, and you are either knowin' that his property was very considerable, for he had a fine estate, which was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost in a horse race, but it was the opinion of all at the time that he would have won the race, if the horse his run against hadn't been the fastest. I never saw a man and the docther all say so, that observed directions, or took medicine better 'an he did.

He said he would have laved take bither as swate, if it had only the same taste, and opacakanna as whiskey punch if it would only put him in the same humor for fighting. But poor sowl, he'll never ate or drink more;

and you havn't a living relation in the world except myself and your two cousins who was kilt in the war.

I can't dwell on this mournful subject, and shall sale my lether with black salin wax and put on it yer uncle's best coat of arms, so I beg of you not to break the sale when you open the lether, and not open it till three or four days after you resave it, by which time you will be prepared for the sorrowful tidins.

Your owld swateheart sinds her love to you unbeknown to me.

When Tarry M'Gee arrives in Amerika, ax him for this lether, and if he doasn't know it from the rest tell him that's the one that spakes about your uncle's death, and saled in black.

I remain your affectionate owld granmother,  
JUDY O'HOOIGAN.

Larry O'Hooligan, late of the town of Tullymucclesrag, Parish of Ballyragget, near Ballyluchgurbey, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland.

P. S. Don't be afther writin' to me, till you resave this.

Whin ye come to this place, stop and don't rade any more till my nixt.

### TREATING A CASE ACTIVELY.

BY JOHN JONES, M. D.

I was once sent for in great haste, to attend a gentleman of respectability, whose wife—a lady of intelligence and refinement—had discovered him in his room, lying senseless on the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H. in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H.—?"

I asked, on meeting his lady, who was in tears and looked the picture of distress.

"I am afraid it is apoplexy," she replied.

"I found him lying on the floor, where he had, to all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough, his face was purple and his breathing labored, but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid, but I still saw no clear indications of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that is necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone, it will pass off in the course of a few hours." "A few hours! He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous!"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray what do you think it is doctor?"

Mrs. H.—looked anxiously in my face.

I delicately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy; but she positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, doctor; I ought to know about that," she continued. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant circulation of blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opening a vein from which the blood flowed freely relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, doctor," she urged, seeing that the bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved he must die."

By this time several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, had arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active measures for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed muscard plasters all over his body, another his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, doctor?" asked one of his friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, doctor!" said the wife, "he has been at home all day, and there is no drug of any kind about the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured the suggestion again.

"No doctor! no spirits of any kind in the house," returned Mrs. H.—in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called to meet the emergency because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H.—. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, doctor," said the friends, "No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied.

But my word did not assure them.—However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do any more for the patient until Dr. S.— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Dr. S. arrived; but the friends of the sick would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Dr. S.— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our pa-

tient. There was still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife anxiously.

Dr. S.—thought a moment, and then said—

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Dr. S.— with surprise. He was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but he believed, take away the predisposition thereto, and with which Mr. H.— was affected to a high degree.

The barber came. The head of Mr. H.— was shaved; and Dr. S.— applied the blister with his own hands, which covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Doctor S.— "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again; but I heard from Doctor S.— the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For two hours the burning parched the tender skin of Mr. H.'s head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the 'Doctor'?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H.— opened, and he looked with half stupefied eyes from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon, "Heavens and earth!" He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth! What ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake, keep quiet," said the wife, with glad tears rushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now!" and she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word, but lie very still!"

"But my head. It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! I don't understand this. And my arm! What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet; your life depends upon it."

Mr. H.—sank back upon the pillow from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it tenderly all over, from temple to temple, to and from nape to forehead.

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We feared for your life," said Mrs. H., affectionately. There have been two physicians in attendance."

H.—closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that proceeded therefrom. They would have sounded strangely in a church, or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively.

"Yes, dear, replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor, on happening to come into your room. It was most providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H.—shut his eyes and muttered something, with an air of impatience. But its meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah!" he said, "why in Heaven's name did you permit the Doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Says the d—!"

"Hu-u-s-h There! Do, for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Everything depends upon it."

With a gesture of impatience, H.— shut his eyes, teeth, and hands, and lay perfectly still for some time. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttered in a low, petulant voice—

"Too bad! too bad! too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and my last impression of H.—'s disease; neither had Doctor S.—, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment.—The facts of the case were these:

H.—had a weakness. He could not taste of wine or strong drink without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this; and they, by admonition, and by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. But to see was to taste; to taste, was to fall. At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days—particularly so, as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriage-house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ar-